

American  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*May 1935 NEWS "I Serve"*





### JOSÉ AND PACO AND QUITA

The boys tied their big bouquets to the high-peaked crowns of their hats, climbed on the burro with baby Quita, and started home



*Cholé would go to Guadalajara to find work*



## The Idols of St. John

IDELLA PURNELL

Illustrations by Berta and Elmer Hader

THE little Indian village of Ajijic in Mexico nestles between high green mountains and a thin strip of white beach along a great lovely lake. Its name is pronounced Ahee-heec, and it sounds more like a hiccup than a name. Ajijic has one long main street, and a few other streets, a tiny town square, or plaza, with trees and flowers, and a small high-steeped church, built in 1749—a quarter of a century before our Revolution. Around the tiny church cluster the houses of the people, mud brick houses with red tiled roofs. Nearly every house has a patio, or flower-garden, in the center, and has behind it another garden, in which grow pomegranates, bananas, and trees bearing papayas, which are green melons somewhat like cantaloupes. Nearly everyone has birds in cages, and chickens and pigs. The pigs go into the streets and lie grunting in the mud puddles, rooting them up with their snouts.

In this toy-like village lived a boy and his grandmother. His name was José Contreras.

They had a grocery store so small and with so few groceries that we would wonder why they called it a store. A dozen paraffin candles, a few pounds of coffee, beans, corn, sugar, ropes, green peppers, soap, onions, ten bottles of soda pop, half a dozen cans of sardines and of hot green peppers, perhaps one egg or two, were for sale.

During a revolution in Mexico, José's father and mother had gone to the United States to look for work. One day word came to his grandmother that they had both been lost in a train wreck. His grandmother took care of José as though he were her own. Almost before they knew it, he was fourteen years old and doing most of the storekeeping. His grandmother could no longer read the numbers on money or on the weights, and José would show her: "These two weights you put on this side of the scales when anyone wants to buy ten centavos of coffee. . . ." He kept store for her most of the time, and always while she went to the mill to have the corn ground for their corn cakes, or



Junior Red Cross News is published monthly exclusive of June, July, August, by the American National Red Cross, 17th and D Streets, Washington, D. C., Volume 16, May, 1935. Number 9. 50 cents a year. 10 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921. [195]



*They went at once to the beach and sat down to wait for the idols to come out of the lake*

while she washed their clothes up at the spring. But after all, he was a boy, and his grandmother often shooed him out and told him to run along and have a good time.

Most of the men of Ajijic go into the mountains and sow corn and beans on the high slopes where the soil is rich and black, even on the very peaks that are so steep that one wonders how they make the seeds stay there long enough to take root! José watched the men going to work in the corn in the mornings, wearing their high-peaked, wide-brimmed hats, and their dark brown blankets with gay flowers woven in the borders and around the neck-hole. He hoped the time would come when he could sow corn and beans, too. Already he had a blanket like theirs, from Jocotepec, a town of weavers, farther around the lake.

Sometimes he watched the men who went fishing. They had small rowboats and huge nets with gourds fastened to them to float on top of the water. They stretched their nets wide; and after a while drew them together at the bottom. Then they drew them together at the top, and dragged into their boats loads of black bass, catfish, and German carp. Or a man would wade along the shore early in the morning of a cloudy

day, casting a small, fine-meshed net, and pulling it in filled with charales, tiny fish the size of small sardines and so transparent that they seem made of glass. These lone fishermen had big baskets strapped to their backs, in which to empty their nets. Sometimes José would think it must be great fun to be a fisherman.

One Sunday José and his friend Paco decided to go up in the mountains. Paco's father lent Paco his burro.

The two boys on the burro noticed Quita, the baby next door. She was dressed in her bright red silk Sunday dress and her red silk Sunday cap, and she looked wistfully at them.

"Let's take Quita!" José cried. And in a moment her mother brought Quita and put her before them on the burro. Paco kicked his bare heels into the burro's side, shouting "Arrr-eh! Arrr-eh!" and the burro began to trot along.

Climbing out of the town they soon left behind them cobblestone streets and small mud-brick houses with fences of cobblestones piled on each other, and gardens of fruit and flowers. In the mountains they climbed until they reached the rich black fields where wild flowers grow. Here the two boys picked big bunches of St. John's roses to take home.

The fragrant white blossoms are good to flavor the hot corn drink, *atole*, or to cook with rice and milk for rice pudding, and even, steeped in cold water with a rose of Castile, to cure sick eyes. Paco wanted his flowers for rice pudding, but José thought maybe his grandmother could use his for her eyes. The boys tied their big bouquets to the high-peaked crowns of their hats, climbed on the burro again with baby Quita before them and started home.

On their way they met Cholé driving home her father's big black ox, which had been grazing in the upland pastures all day. Cholé was a raggedy little girl of fourteen, much poorer even than José. She had two dresses and one pair of shoes and a pair of stockings worn out at the feet. Mostly she went barefoot to save her shoes and stockings for church.

The two boys and the girl talked a while. Cholé told them that more than anything in the

world she wanted to earn some money to go in the bus to Guadalajara to find work, so that she could wear nice clothes and help her family. Her father and mother were willing, but she didn't have even two pennies. As Quita began to be hungry, the two boys rode on.

Quita's mother asked them about their big bunches of flowers, and when José told her what his were for, she shook her head and sighed.

"Poor José!" she said. "I hate to tell you, but it will take more than St. John's roses to cure your grandmother's eyes. It is not sickness, but old age that makes her sight dim, and for old age, my José, there is no cure. What your grandmother needs is a good pair of glasses. My husband goes to Guadalajara once a week with loads of papaya and if you like, could bring you a pair from the market there. He says they have all kinds of spectacles for two and three pesos."

That night as José lay on the straw mat that was his bed, he wondered and wondered how he could earn two or three pesos. He had not even told his grandmother the real reason he had brought her St. John's roses, and she had cooked rice pudding with them. While José ate it he nearly choked with his secret disappointment.

The next day Quita's mother called to him. "I have been thinking, José, how you can earn the money for your grandmother's glasses," she said. "Why don't you go to St. John on St. John's Day? I made some tea of the St. John's roses you gave me, and while they were cooking suddenly I remembered that at St. John on that day the idols come out of the lake, and if you can find a few and sell them, you can earn money!"

José thanked her, and then began thinking harder than ever.

The village of St. John was only five miles away so that in a few hours José could walk there. Maybe he could get Paco to come with his burro. St. John's Day was next Saturday. Don Antonio, who had the biggest grocery store in Ajijic, at the other end of the block from their own little store, had idols for sale, José knew, and he knew that Americans and other foreign people who came to Ajijic bought them. José decided that if he found any idols he would sell them in his grandmother's store. That would make the foreigners come to buy . . . and maybe they would buy some soap, or candles, or an egg, after they once came in for an idol.

He remembered what their school teacher had told them about the history of the lake. "Once upon a time," the school teacher had said, "a long time ago, St. John was the capital of the Indian kingdom of Cutzalan. There were a great

many people there. The people worshipped many gods. One of them, called the Unknown God, had no name. The Indians used to make idols and images of stone and throw them into the lake for the Unknown God. They also made tiny jars with three handles. They pierced their ears or noses and let drops of blood fall into these tiny jars, and when after a few weeks or months, the jars were full, they threw them into the lake as sacrifices to him."

José decided that he must tell Cholé about this, too. Perhaps she could find enough idols and carved jars to earn money to go to Guadalajara!

On June twenty-fourth, St. John's Day, José and Cholé set out for the lake. They did not tell anyone their plan, for they were so afraid it might not work. They got up earlier even than the earliest fishermen and walked and walked and walked in the dark, on their way to St. John.

About daylight they arrived.

They went at once to the beach and sat down, to wait for the idols to come out of the lake.

They waited and waited. A boat from Ocotlan came in, with its big square sail, bearing a load of cowpeas and rope to trade for papayas. The bus to Jocotepec went by. Fishermen put out with empty nets and came back with full baskets and boats. The men were up in the mountains working in the corn. And the idols had not come out of the lake!

Cholé began to cry and José wanted to; but he was nearly a man, so he whistled instead, a thin, unsteady tune.

Suddenly José gave Cholé a great clap on the back that nearly upset her.

"Cholé!" he cried. "I'll bet that about the idols coming out of the lake on St. John's Day is what our teacher would call a superstition! I'll bet it isn't even so. It's the end of the dry season, though, so the lake waters are at their lowest and that's why they say the idols 'come out.' And we *know* there are idols in the lake, because even the teacher has some that came from here. I'm going in, and wade, and see if I can find some!"

Cholé sniffled and sobbed. "But you'll get your clothes all wet!"

"Who cares?" cried José. He took off his hat and his blanket, and his overalls, and red waist sash. He rolled his white cotton trousers up as high as they would go. He waded in.

He stubbed his toe on something hard, felt for it, and pulled it up out of the water. It was only a stone. This happened three times. But the fourth time the object was carved. It was an idol!

Cholé was so excited and happy that her tears dried up. Slipping off her dress and wearing the white cotton slip that all the women of Ajijie use as a bathing suit, she waded in, too.

In an hour or so they had all that they could carry: idols, little jars, for blood sacrifices, and stands for the jars, ugly small objects called *naguales*. *Naguales* were witches able to change themselves into animals whenever they willed.

José and Cholé sat in the hot sun until they dried off, and then put on the rest of their clothes and started home. On their way the bus picked them up and gave them a ride to Ajijie. The driver

knew José because his bus always brought coffee out from Guadalajara to the grandmother's grocery store.

Nearly a month later Cholé climbed into the same bus on her way to Guadalajara. She was wearing her best dress and her shoes and stockings. Folded in her handkerchief she had ten pesos to buy new clothes and pay her expenses until she found work. José and his grandmother came out to wave good-bye to her, and José's grandmother looked very proud and happy in her new spectacles which sparkled and flashed in the bright sunshine, as Cholé drove away.



## The Whitsuntide King and Queen The Cover Story

ZSIGMOND SZENDREY

I WISH to explain to you the meaning and origin of the old play of the Whitsuntide king and queen. The story of the former is short enough. On the second day of Whitsuntide, after church, horse races are held by the village lads. The winner of the day is called the Whitsuntide king for a whole year, and the girls give him a silk hat trimmed with a waving feather and a wreath of flowers, and the well-to-do farmers arrange a feast in his honor.

The story of the Whitsuntide queen is a good deal longer. On the Saturday before Whitsunday, the young girls of the village elect their queen, and four maids of honor. The queen wears a veil over her face and carries a flower-trimmed staff in her hand. The procession starts on its way to visit the houses to which they have been invited. The girls stand in a semicircle, with the queen and her maids of honor in front, and two of them say: "God has given us red Whitsuntide's day; we escort on her tour the Lady Queen." After this they all recite in unison: "The Holy Ghost was sent by God at Whitsuntide. May He and the apostles strengthen our souls! Tongues of fire, with the rushing of winds, came upon them all of a sudden. Thus the promise of Christ was fulfilled and He went to heaven in the sight of them all. Be kind to our Lady Queen, give her some eggs, a few cakes, and a silver coin."

The two girls carrying the baskets now step forward, and if they get the asked-for gifts they

lift the Queen high off the ground, saying "May your flax grow as high as that!" If they do not receive gifts, they place the Queen in a sitting position, and leave the place with all the signs of displeasure. But this seldom happens.

Some people explain that this custom has its origin in the ancient celebrations of the same seasons before the Christian era. This particular fête celebrated Spring's victory over Winter. Later it came to be the wedding feast of the King and Queen of the May.

This in turn was later mixed up with one of the loveliest characters of Hungarian history, Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew II. When very young she was taken to Thuringia and wedded to a German prince. Her story is known to everybody: how once she was caught by her husband in the act of carrying food to the poor, an act which he had forbidden, and how the food was transformed into roses. Roses became the emblem of the Queen of the Spring, or the Whitsuntide queen, or Elizabeth. So the myth grew, and was added to, and the Whitsuntide play came to represent the encounter of Elizabeth's people with the strangers who had come to conduct her away to her future husband. The former first try to frighten the intruders, but the foreigners declare they will not leave without the bride for whom they have come, and at last she is given away. The dance represents her betrothal dance.

—Hungarian Junior Red Cross Magazine

# Jenner vs. Smallpox

REX HARLOW

WONDERFUL things have a way of happening to boys and girls, sometimes to those who least expect them. Certainly this was true of slender thirteen-year-old Edward Jenner, on a certain morning one hundred and seventy-three years ago.

In the office of Dr. Ludlow, for whom he was working as an apprentice, in Sodbury near Bristol, England, young Jenner heard a country woman say, "I can not take that disease, for I have had cowpox." She was speaking of smallpox, the most deadly disease then known on the face of the earth.

"I can not take smallpox, for I have had the cowpox." The words continued to ring in the ears of the boy long after the young woman had left. What had she meant? Was it possible that a person who had had cowpox could never have smallpox? At the thought the youthful heart of Edward Jenner beat as it had never beaten before. What a wonderful thing, if true!

And well might such an idea seem wonderful to this boy. Five years before he had gone through the six weeks' ordeal of "inoculation." This was the ancient method first practiced in India more than one thousand years before Christ. It had been introduced into England in 1717 by Lady Mary Montague. His healthy skin had been scratched and into the broken place had been put some germs from a patient with a mild attack of the disease. He had been given weak smallpox even though it was very dangerous, because that was the only way then known to keep one from taking the terribly deadly kind of smallpox. If one took the regular disease, it usually meant death. And even if one did not die, his face and body were covered with ugly scars. But the mild disease brought on by



Edward Jenner

inoculation was very contagious. Yes, Edward Jenner knew about smallpox.

The more the boy thought about what the young country woman had said, the more he believed and hoped that something might be done with cowpox to help fight smallpox. He talked to his friends, to doctors, and to people he happened to meet. He studied about smallpox, and he continued to wonder about cowpox. He learned that millions of people died each year from the dread plague. In Russia alone two millions were killed by it an-

nually. In China, in America, in France, in Germany, in Egypt, in all parts of the world people of all ages were being destroyed by the millions by the disease, and more than half the people living were scarred with its ravages. It seemed unconquerable. But surely it could be checked.

Yet who would come to the rescue of the poor helpless people? And what could a rescuer do if he came? Why, he could try cowpox, of course! It *might* work. Young Jenner knew so little about medical matters, about physiology and the human body, that he could not say how the cowpox could be made to help. But he stubbornly insisted that there was a way. Had not the young country woman said she could not take smallpox because she had cowpox? And had he not learned of many other cases like hers, even though the disease killed other members of the household in which they lived?

So enthusiastic about the idea did young Jenner become, in spite of his natural shyness and unwillingness to push himself forward, that before he was even halfway through with his medical training, his friends and associates grew tired of hearing him always talking about cowpox. We can imagine their saying, "For Heaven's



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*Inoculation with smallpox helped many, but spread the disease. Bostonians rioted against doctors who used it*

sake. Edward, think about something else for a while. Give us a chance to catch our breaths." Or, as smiling indulgently at the budding doctor and saying to themselves, "He will outgrow this foolishness in time. It's only the idea of a boy. When he gets to be a man, he will forget all about it."

But Edward Jenner did not forget. The more people smiled and asked him to think about something else, the more he determined to try his own hand at the task. Maybe it was foolish to think of doing something which all the medical men of England and, as far as he could tell, the whole world, said was foolish. But he had thought and talked about the idea too much to give it up without trying his best to see if there was anything he could do with it. He would talk less and do more. If he found anything to prove his ideas, he would make very sure he was right; and then he would let the world know what he had found.

And this is just what he did. To be sure, he did not prove his ideas in a month, or even a year. In fact, twenty long years passed before he was enough "sure he was right" to "let the world know what he had found." During those twenty years he studied and experimented and reasoned, with the care that only the true scientist uses. He collected all the facts he could, showing that persons who had had cowpox did not take smallpox. From these and his own study and observation, he developed a theory: pus taken at just the right time from the sore of a person with cowpox was the necessary material with which to vaccinate well persons against smallpox. Cowpox was nothing but smallpox in cow form. Something in the cow made her able to fight smallpox more successfully than human beings could fight it. When a person caught the disease from a cow, in the form of cowpox, Jen-

ner made his final test. He placed some real smallpox germs in James Phipps's arm. Anxiously he watched. Would these germs thrive? Would the boy take smallpox? To his great joy no sign of the disease appeared! After thirty-four years of study, his theory was proven. He would drive smallpox from the face of the earth!

He was well received by the Royal Society, but, to his keen disappointment, not a doctor in the whole of London made a move to attempt a vaccination. Back to the country he went, a very unhappy man. He had discovered and developed one of the greatest blessings for mankind, he was sure of that; and, yet, the doctors, who above all others should have been the first to accept and use it, would have none of it. What was the use of going on? He had spent a lifetime trying to make his ideas useful, and had succeeded. But no one would believe him.

He need not have felt so badly, however. For even while he was thinking these sad thoughts a letter was in the mail, telling him that a student friend, a surgeon in London, had made a trial of his vaccination, and it had been successful! "Vaccination," by the way, is derived from the Latin word, *vacca*, a cow.

That was but the beginning of the remarkable story of vaccination, which, as Jenner himself said, "marched around the globe." He might have kept it a secret and made a fortune from it, but he was not that kind of man. The precious story of Jenner's magic cowpox swept across the countries of the world like wildfire. In a few years his name was on the lips of millions of people in all nations, and his vaccine was finding its way into the arms of men from pole to pole. The rich and the poor, the nobleman and the laborer alike, thanked God for Jenner, who saved them from the terrible smallpox plague. Crowned heads of the world paid tribute to his greatness and sent him rich gifts. His own gov-



FROM "EDWARD JENNER," COPYRIGHT BY GRACE T. HALLOCK AND C. E. TURNER, THE METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO., N. Y.  
*Jenner learned that people who had bad cowpox could not take smallpox*

ernment voted him high honors and large sums of money. May 17, his birthday, was celebrated the world over. Letters poured in on him from all points of the compass. Mankind everywhere let him know how much he was honored and loved for his great service to humanity.

During all this excitement and praise Dr. Jenner remained the same plain, pleasant, friendly country doctor he had been from the day he arrived in Berkeley to practice among the simple folk of that section. He continued to love the flowers and the woods, the little animals and the birds, and the waters of the River Severn. And he continued to take his long walks and search for the fossils and other interesting specimens of nature which had won him enough renown as a young man for membership in the Royal Society in London. He was jolly and chatty, always free

to speak his mind honestly upon any question, but unwilling to quarrel or argue with anybody. All his great honors changed him not one whit from what he was before they came to him—a truly great man.

He died on January 26, 1823, at the age of seventy-three. He was buried in his beloved church in Berkeley. Since his death, statues of him have been erected at points all over the world. And people of all nations continue to have a feeling of gratitude for the great service he rendered through developing his famous cowpox vaccination. While smallpox has not been driven from the face of the earth, as he hoped it would be, thanks to his vaccination it is no longer dangerous for those who keep properly vaccinated. He is recognized as one of the world's greatest health heroes.

## Trees for Jutland

H. C. BUNNER

THE peninsula of Jutland, to the north of Germany, forms with the adjacent islands the Kingdom of Denmark. It is very low-lying, the highest point being only a little over five hundred feet above sea level. Four hundred years ago the people of Jutland had almost destroyed their forests. No one had thought of the day of reckoning that must surely come. It is doubtful if the inhabitants even knew that in a low-lying and exposed country the presence of forests was necessary to support human life.

When at last the western and central portions of Jutland were becoming a dreary waste of heath and sand dunes, and the inhabitants were being compelled to abandon their once fertile farms, there was a rude awakening. Attempts were made to replant the forests that had been so recklessly destroyed, but the results were very discouraging. Most of the inhabitants soon became convinced that it was useless to expend money and labor in any attempt to restore the fertility of the soil. It was at this point that the matter was taken up by Colonel Delgas, an engineer in the Danish Army.

Having roused the interest of the government and the people and procured the necessary funds, he began to search for the right kind of tree to plant, a tree that would grow under the adverse conditions existing on the sand dunes and on the heath. He chose the mountain-fir of Central Europe. He also discovered that a spruce tree would quickly wither and die if planted alone,

but would flourish amazingly when planted close to a mountain fir. He therefore introduced a system by which the fir and the spruce were mixed, one fir being planted for every one, two, or three spruces, according to the soil.

Later it was found that the firs, which had nursed the spruces excellently in their early days, hampered their growth at the end of a few years. But, if the firs were then removed, the spruces continued to flourish as if they had been originally planted in the best soil.

The spruces used were of two kinds, white and red. The former, which comes from North America, was found to be particularly well-adapted to the parts most exposed to the wind; hence each plantation of fir and red spruce was surrounded by a belt of fir and white spruce.

Within the live hedges of spruce and fir the land is ploughed, and crops are grown even in the poorest soil. Today, farmhouses are dotted over a country that, a century ago, was nothing but a barren waste. In the newly planted forests birds and deer are found in abundance. Already one-seventh of the entire area of the Kingdom of Denmark has been reclaimed, and it is hoped that within the next thirty years the whole of the heath will have disappeared. The farmers are intensely interested in the work, and most farms are now surrounded by trees.

The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

—South Australian Junior Red Cross Courier

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1935, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

VOL. XVI

May, 1935

No. 9

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## WAR POISON

THE *Children's Newspaper*, of London, tells the story of a quantity of poison gas that remained in a munitions factory at Cologne after the Great War ended. The city fathers were puzzled about what to do with it. They tried burning it. But the fumes withered the vegetation and were like a pestilence in the country round. They next buried it under the dismantled factory. But the soil was sandy and the gas threatened to poison the subsoil waters. They thought of sinking it at sea, but its transport down the Rhine was considered too dangerous. At last on a big moor that belonged to the city they dug a pit twenty feet deep, floored it with a foot of clay, and lined it with concrete. The sides were coated with tar and had an extra envelope of clay. Twenty thousand containers of gas were sealed in the pit with more concrete and clay. But the gas is seeping up from Wahner Moor, which has been ordered closed for the next thirty years.

During a war, or when the mob-spirit is aroused, another kind of poison gets into men's minds, for rage and fear and hate do make chemical changes in the blood which unbalance the mind. A story that illustrates this kind of poison is one that is just now on many tongues in France. In 1914 there lived on the edge of invaded France a father, mother and two sons of the name of Moreau. They fell victims to the

spy mania that raged in Europe then. The Moreau family were accused of being German spies and when the police found in their cottage a lamp marked "Made in Germany," they were as good as convicted. The spy hunters declared that the lamp was used at night to send Morse code signals to the German lines. Father Moreau was sentenced to five years' hard labor in the penal colony of Cayenne, where he died. His wife, sentenced to twenty years, also died in prison. The two sons lived through their five and ten-year sentences. And now it has been discovered that the Moreaus' home could not be seen from the German lines and that the poor family was almost illiterate and had never heard of the Morse signal code. The sons have been given some \$4,000 as compensation, but that can never heal the injustice done them or bring back their father and mother.

When you think of a story like this it makes the observance of World Good Will Day seem very important indeed. There's need of good will and sane thought in the world all the time.

## THE PROGRAM PICTURE

WHEN Madelena takes her damp red jar to the fountain, she rests it on the edge and looks up at the strange beast carved in stone above her.

It is a sea-horse, and it closely resembles the pattern she is learning to embroider at the lace school. Her sea-horse forms the center of a square, and as she pulls threads for drawwork about him, a pool of water seems to spread under her fingers.

There are other queer patterns besides that of the sea-horse to be learned in the school. There are the blunt-faced dog, the cock, and the griffin. They must be carefully studied and copied before they can be sold in the gift shops of Taormina and Palermo, or worked on towels, bedspreads and tablecloths for Italian homes. No Sicilian peasant cottage is without them.

They were brought to the island a thousand and more years ago by seafaring folk from Constantinople, who traded with Sicily when it was a colony of the Byzantine Empire, of which Constantinople was then the capital.

And the cocks, the sea-horse, and the griffin have persisted in linen, in wood and in stone, just as the red jar, and the vermilion boats, rocking on the harbor with bunches of wicker fish-traps hung to their high, straight prows, have kept their shapes—unchanged through the centuries; just as Madelena's nose and eyes are still repeated in a firm pattern among the handsome people of Sicily.—A. M. U.

# Forget-Me-Not's Name

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Decorations by Earle L. Swain

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

ANGEL, girl or boy  
CHERUB, tiny boy  
FATHER ADAM, boy

### GIRLS:

FORGET-ME-NOT\*  
BUTTERCUP  
DAISY  
BLACK-EYED-SUSAN  
ROSE  
LILY

### BOYS:

VIOLET  
DANDELION  
DUTCHMAN'S BREECHES  
JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT  
MORNING GLORY  
SWEET WILLIAM

*Costumes may be elaborate or simple, according to convenience, except that Forget-Me-Not, a little girl, smaller than the others, must be dressed in blue with bows or ribbons of pink, or rosettes of pink tissue paper.*

*If appropriate costumes in the floral colors are impossible, the characters, excepting Forget-Me-Not, may wear their names printed in big letters on white cotton sashes tied under their arms.*

**SCENE:** *A bit of Paradise made to resemble a garden as much as possible.*

*(Curtain rises. Father Adam is sitting on a rock in center of stage, gazing in delight upon the flowers, all on their knees before him, with their backs to the audience. Angel enters from left, accompanied by Cherub. She carries a scroll. The flowers bend their heads low. Adam falls on his knees and touches his forehead to the ground as the Angel approaches.)*

\* This play is based upon the most ancient legend about how the Forget-Me-Not got its name.



**ANGEL:** Rise, Father Adam, and be seated. (*Adam seats himself on rock. Angel stands beside him, a little at the left. Reads from scroll.*) "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." (*Turns and turns scroll.*) "And God saw everything that He had made and behold it was very good." (*Angel turns the scroll and reads further.*) "And Adam gave names to

all cattle, and to the fowls of the air, and to every beast of the field."

*(Father Adam bows his head, Angel rolls the scroll tight and hands it to the Cherub.)*

**ANGEL:** Father Adam, (*at this he rises and bows low*) now you shall name the flowers that the Lord God created to make the wide world beautiful. Lift up your heads, fair blossoms of earth, and Father Adam shall give you names by which you shall be known.

*(Angel steps nearer the flowers and for a few seconds stretches wide her arms over their uplifted heads. Then she moves toward the right followed by Cherub carrying scroll. Before leaving she speaks again to Father Adam, who accompanies her to exit.)*

**ANGEL:** Father Adam, when you shall have named the flowers, come to the far gates of Paradise, where I may be found. Then I shall return with you, that each flower may repeat its name. (*Exit Angel.*)

*Father Adam bows low. He walks back and again is seated on his rock in center of stage.)*

**ADAM:** Rise, lovely flowers, and come to me.

*(They rise, all smiling, face the audience, form a circle, and begin moving with dancing steps, from right to left. Forget-Me-Not and Sweet William are hand in hand, until Forget-Me-Not releases her hand, turns around, as do the others, until the circle becomes a line led by Sweet William. He kneels before Father Adam.)*

**FATHER ADAM:** Your name shall be Sweet William.

**SWEET WILLIAM:** *(Rises, makes a bow)* Father Adam, I thank you that my name is Sweet William. *(He bows to the audience and skips away.)*

*(This same ceremony is repeated by every flower in the line as the flower receives its name, except that the girls make curtseys. Only Forget-Me-Not, the last one to be named, is careless and does not repeat her name. She thanks him and throws a kiss to Father Adam before she runs away to the others.)*

**FATHER ADAM:** *(Stands)* Lovely ones, I leave you now. Play in the sunshine and be happy. When I return I shall ask for your names. Little blue flower *(he smiles and waves his hand in her direction)* remember your name! *(Exit Adam.)*

**FORGET-ME-NOT:** *(In middle of stage)* I can't remember my name! I can't remember my name. What is it? Oh, what is it?

**DAISY:** I don't know.

**LILY:** I don't know. I didn't hear it.

**ROSE:** Little one, I am sorry, but I do not know.

**FORGET-ME-NOT:** *(Runs toward Sweet William—snatches at his sleeve)* Please, oh, please, tell me my name!

**SWEET WILLIAM:** Hard luck, but I don't know. *(Forget-Me-Not crooks her elbow and begins to cry)* Never mind about your old name! You are the little blue flower.

**ALL:** *(In chorus)* She is the little blue flower.

**DUTCHMAN'S BREECHES:** That is right, stop crying, little blue flower, and be glad that you are not important, like me!

**BLACK-EYED-SUSAN:** Don't cry, little blue flower, we will play a game and you may be It, precious one. All join hands. Little blue flower, step inside the circle. In you go. *(Circle forms, Forget-Me-Not is pushed inside the ring.)* When we sing the words, "Little blue flower calls Black-Eyed-Susan," I'll come in the circle with you, and we will have a merry game. Now we begin:

**FLOWERS IN THE CIRCLE:** *(They begin to dance around and sing to the tune of Farmer in the Dell)*

Father Adam named the flowers,  
Father Adam named the flowers,  
Heigh-ho the derry-o,  
Father Adam named the flowers.

Little blue flower calls Black-Eyed-Susan  
Little blue flower calls Black-Eyed-Susan  
Heigh-ho the derry-o,  
Little blue flower calls Black-Eyed-Susan.

*(Black-Eyed-Susan enters circle. Game continues)*

Father Adam named the flowers,  
Father Adam named the flowers,  
Heigh-ho the derry-o,  
Father Adam named the flowers.

Black-Eyed-Susan calls Dutchman's Breeches,  
Black-Eyed-Susan, etc.

*(Enter Angel, Cherub, and Father Adam*



from right. Circle breaks, flowers scatter, then fall on their knees.)

ANGEL: Arise, lovely ones. You may now put down your roots. You are to be rooted. I came to hear you tell Father Adam your names. (*Flowers stand as if growing in their places. They move arms and heads gently. Little blue flower acts frightened. By motions, she begs others to whisper her name, but they sadly shake their heads, not knowing. Angel accompanies Father Adam as he walks in the garden of flowers.* (*Cherub leans against rock*))

ADAM: (*Touches Daisy on her head*) What is your name?

DAISY: I thank you, sir, my name is Daisy, and I shall furnish garlands and chains for all happy children.

ADAM: (*Touches Violet*) What is your name?

VIOLET: My name is Violet, and I am rather—modest.

ADAM: (*Touches Black-Eyed-Susan*) What is your name?

BLACK-EYED-SUSAN: Black-Eyed-Susan, and I hope to brighten the fields.

ADAM: (*Touches Rose*) What is your name?

ROSE: I am Rose.

ADAM: (*To Lily*) And what is your name?

LILY: I am Lily.

ADAM: (*Pointing at Dandelion*) Who are you?

DANDELION: I am Dandelion, and the children of earth shall love me when they come to the meadows in the spring.

ADAM: (*Gazes hard at Jack-in-the-Pulpit*) And you?

JACK - IN - THE - PULPIT: I am the

preacher. You named me Jack-in-the-Pulpit. My text this morning is —

ADAM: Never mind, never mind. (*He touches Morning Glory*) Do you remember your name?

MORNING GLORY: I am happy to be the Morning Glory.

ADAM: (*Giving Sweet William a shake*) And you?

SWEET WILLIAM: I am Sweet William.

ADAM: And what is your name, little blue flower? (*All the flowers bend their heads to listen excepting Jack-in-the-Pulpit, who straightens up and is stiffer than ever.*)

FORGET-ME-NOT: I do not know. I can not remember. (*She droops her head*)

ADAM: Now, little blue flower, try to think. What is your name? You remember that the Lord God created all things. He created you, and He wishes you to love Him and to think of Him, and to lead others to think of Him. Now what is your name?

FORGET-ME-NOT: (*Shakes her head from side to side*) I am sorry, Father Adam, but I do not know!

JACK - IN - THE - PULPIT: (*Leans over and shouts*) My text this morning is "Remember thy Creator" —

ANGEL: Hush, Jack.

ADAM: Once more, what is your name, little blue flower? (*Angel, bending low over Forget-Me-Not, whispers in her ear*)

FORGET-ME-NOT: (*Lifts her face, folds her hands as if in prayer, smiles happily, and speaks slowly, clearly, and distinctly*) And the Lord God said unto the little blue flower, forget-Me-not!

ALL: (*In chorus*) And the Lord God said unto the little blue flower, FORGET-ME-NOT! (*Joyful music as the curtain falls*)



# The Witch

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

THE sea sparkled, the bees hummed in the heather, but Michel was sulky. It was a holiday, he had money in his pocket, there was a circus in full blast on the beach, and here he was, kept on the hill-side by two miserable goats! He jingled his brass coins and gazed about despairingly. Mimi was a staid goat, content to browse in the shadow where the grass was thickest, but Cossette was a little white goat with saucy horns, and a dainty beard; very nimble and on the lookout for adventure.

On the other side of the hedge bobbed the green ribbons of a bonnet and a brown hand came and went picking off the top blackberries.

"Hi there!" called Michel and went hopefully toward a gap in the bushes. Barbe was there with her own gray goat, busily filling a pail with berries. "Look here, Barbe," said Michel, "just you take care of my goats this afternoon, won't you? I have five francs and I want to go to the circus."

"Five francs! How did you get so much money?"

"Carrying strawberries to the landing."

"What are you going to do with all that?"

"Spend it," said Michel, moving off.

"Don't be late!" called Barbe. "You know I've got to take these berries home for supper."

But Michel was already crashing through the gorse, pounding his way down to the beach in his wooden shoes. He would have been glad to have worn his Sunday clothes on this occasion; his short purple jacket with its rows of silver buttons, and the two little vests beneath it, one green, the other blue. Also his black broadcloth



*The children met at the table stone, but only the gulls answered their calls*

trousers wide at the hips, and his broad black hat with its velvet streamers fastened with a silver buckle. But after all you can have more fun in your old clothes.

Three hours later Michel came back hot and penniless but bursting with tales of adventure; the elephant, the clown, the merry-go-round. And there was Barbe sound asleep under the hedge! "Wake up," he cried, poking her gently.

Barbe rubbed her eyes. "Did you ride on the merry-go-round?" she asked, wistfully.

"Did I ride! On the lion's back! But where's Cossette?"

"Why, she's right here somewhere," said Barbe, surprised. "She was just a minute ago."

"How do you know? You were asleep," said Michel, sharply.

"Just for a minute," murmured Barbe.

The two big goats tethered by the roadside were pulling tufts of foliage from the hedge, but Cossette was not in sight. Michel forgot the circus and began running in all directions, whistling and calling. But there was no sign of Cossette.

"I'd better take Mimi home to be milked," he said. "Then after supper I'll come back to look for Cossette or she may get hungry and come herself."

"And I must get back with these berries," said Barbe. So they trudged down the road together, each with a goat in tow.

In the farmyard Michel's father was unloading seaweed to be used as fertilizer. Everyone in that part of Brittany raised strawberries for the English market. Now that the season was over the fields were being dressed for cauliflower.

"Where's the white goat?" asked Mr. Picard as Michel entered with Mimi.

"She got away. I'm going to look for her after supper," answered Michel.

"Young man," said his father slowly, "you'll have your supper when you bring back that goat."

Michel took the rope from Mimi's neck and wound it around his waist. He felt pinched and hungry and desolate, but he turned away without a word.

"I shan't eat my supper either," said Barbe. "I'm going with you to look for Cossette."

Michel pulled a stick of chocolate from his pocket. "Here, I bought this for you. It cost six sous."

But Barbe began to cry. "I won't eat it, it's all my fault," she exclaimed.

"We'll divide it," said Michel hungrily. And they did. "Now you take one path and I'll take the other, and we'll meet at the dolmen."

In Brittany the fields of grain and potatoes are fenced with earth dykes on which are planted holly, hazel and hawthorne. Where there are paths between fields the bushes meeting overhead form shady tunnels. Through these pleasant lanes Michel and Barbe ran, calling Cossette and listening for the tinkle of her bell. Birds fluttered in the hedges, and foxgloves stood half as high as a man in the shadow. But there was neither sound nor sight of a little white goat.

It was after six o'clock when the children met at the dolmen but the sun would not set for another three hours. The dol-men, which means "table-stone," had been set up ages ago by an unknown people. Great upright stones had been roofed by flat ones to form a small room, large enough in which to bury a chief or king. Then the tomb had been covered with earth, making a big mound. But for more than a thousand years the wind and the rain had worn away the earth and left the stones bare. There are so many dolmens and other strange stones in Britany that farmers have used them for building barns and fences, or have left them untouched and planted turnips and potatoes around them. The dolmen where Barbe and Michel met was on a moor covered with gorse and bracken. Below them gleamed the English Channel stretching out toward misty islands. The tide was coming in and a fleet of fishing smacks with deep red sails scudded across the silvery sea. It was a wild place where a little goat might easily be lost. The children threaded their way through the prickly gorse calling loudly, but only the gulls answered, mewing sadly over the wet sands.

"I don't know where else to look," said Michel.

"What shall we do?"

"Would you dare go ask the witch?"

"Why yes, I'd dare, but . . ."

"Well, let's go."

The witch was an old woman who lived alone in a little house on a hill, under a great pine tree. Few people went to see her except now and then someone as old as herself. It was said that she had a heathen idol and a magic bird that talked, and that she knew how to find lost things. The school children called her a witch, and when they saw her struggling up the beach with a great sack of seaweed on her back, they would run and hide behind the blackberry bushes.

When Michel and Barbe came to the path that led up to the witch's house they stood still and took hold of hands, for in the doorway was the old woman beckoning to them. She went into the house and came back with two red apples which she sent rolling down the path.

"They always do that," said Michel. "It's a witch's trick."

Though they were fiercely hungry they did not dare eat the fruit. What if they should be magic apples that would turn them into bats or toads! But since they were going to ask a favor of the witch they put the apples into their pockets. Then they went slowly up to the house.

"Good evening," said the witch, pleasantly. "You are Barbe Kerjean and you are the Picard boy. Have you come to see me?"

"Yes," stammered Michel. "We wanted to know . . ."

But the witch was either deaf or did not choose to hear.

"Come in, come in," she said, not stopping to listen. "You haven't had your supper have you? I have milk on the hearth."

The children entered timidly, feeling that it was mysterious that the old woman should know their names and that they had had no supper. A small blaze snapped in the big fireplace and before it stood a crock of milk. On the mantelpiece sat an ivory image. It was bald and smiling, bearded and fat. "The idol!" whispered Michel, nudging Barbe. On each side of the image was a beautiful Chinese bowl. In the window a blackbird poked his head between the bars of his cage and winked at the children.

The witch pulled a bench to the table and told them to sit. Then she took down the bowls and filled them with steaming milk. But the children could not take their eyes from the idol that seemed to leer at them from his perch. Seeing this, the witch lifted it from the shelf. "My boy brought it to me from India. See, it is carved from one piece of an elephant's tusk."

"An elephant like the one in the show?" asked Michel.

"The same. It isn't a pretty image, but I like it because my boy brought it from so far."

"The bowls are pretty," said Barbe politely, and took a sip of milk. It was good, and before she knew it she had taken the bowl in both hands and nearly emptied it. Michel did the same.

"Where is your boy?" he asked, gazing at the idol.

"How do I know?" cried the witch sadly. "Wandering somewhere on the sea — perhaps in South America, perhaps in Java."

"I'd like to go to sea, too," said Michel.

"Of course you would," exclaimed the witch. "No Breton boy can live on land."

She seemed such an understanding witch that Michel gained courage. "We came to ask you . . ." he began; but at that instant the blackbird swung onto his perch and cried, "Cossette! Cossette!" A faint bleat answered. The children sprang to their feet in terror, staring at the bird as they had stared at the leering old idol.

"Don't be afraid," said the witch. "It's only my tame blackbird talking. He is calling my goat."

"But our goat's name is Cossette, too, and she's lost," said Michel, trembling. "We came to ask if you knew where she was."

"It is a little white goat?"

"Yes, with a black patch on her left flank."

"That's it!" cried the witch. "Well, I'm glad you've come for her. She followed me home when I called my own Cossette. I didn't know where she belonged so I shut her in the pen."

With that she opened a door leading into a shed where two goats lay on a bed of bracken munching hay.

One of them, with saucy horns and a dainty beard, sprang to her feet when the children shouted for joy. Barbe kissed the top of her head, but Michel quickly slipped the rope over her horns.

"Well, we must go now," he said. "Thanks for the milk."

"What, so soon, so soon?" asked the witch sadly.

"We'll come back, and I'll bring you some seaweed tomorrow when the tide is out."

They hurried home brimful of excitement. They had

seen the idol, and had heard the bird speak!

"But she's no more a witch than I am," said Michel, taking a big bite from his apple. "If she were, she would know where her own boy is."



*The witch sent two red apples rolling down the path*

#### THE WILDERNESS IS TAMED

Elizabeth Coatsworth

THE axe has cut the forest down,  
The laboring ox has smoothed all clear,  
Apples now grow where pine trees stood,  
And slow cows graze instead of deer.

Where Indian fires once raised their smoke,  
The chimneys of a farmhouse stand,  
The cocks crow barnyard challenges  
To dawns that once saw savage land.

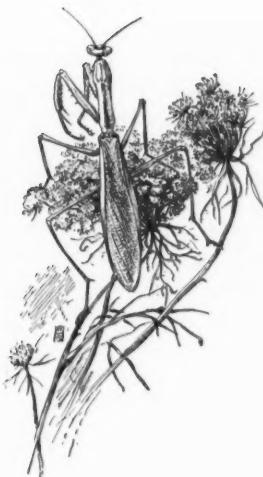
The axe, the plow, the binding wall,  
By these the wilderness is tamed,  
By these the white man's will is wrought  
The rivers bridged, the new towns named.

—From "Away Goes Sally," by Elizabeth Coatsworth, Macmillan

# Our Guest, the Praying Mantis

R. BRUCE HORSFALL

Illustrations by the Author



PILLARS under observation and brought one in to demonstrate what friend mantis is good for. Letting her walk upon my hand, I presented the larva. The mantis promptly forgave all the harsh treatment so recently experienced and quickly gripped the proffered treat, glad of a meal again. Both visitors became so intent upon the proceedings they quite forgot their former fear. Praying mantes now have two more good young friends.

On another day this past season, I noticed three children having a tremendous time in the open door of a neighbor's garage. I found that they were killing paper-wasps which they thought might sting their father as he passed back and forth beneath the nest. I soon showed them how the wasps were interested in eating houseflies and were not interested in stinging father.

Then, to my surprise, they showed me an "awful insect" which they had just crushed. It was one of

LAST summer two good Scouts, a brother and sister, discovered a mantis in their bathroom. The brother, brave fellow of fourteen, knocked the poor, unoffending creature down into the bathtub and corralled it in a pickle jar! Both came rushing over to our house with their terrible insect. I happened to be keeping some calpa sphinx cater-

my mantes, fully grown and beautifully colored.

The oriental mantis, *Paratenodera sinensis*, was accidentally introduced in the egg stage into the gardens of Thomas Meehan of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in the year 1897. It is a strange-looking insect about four inches long, dull cream in color, with a bright green stripe down the outer half of each forewing. The wings lie flat upon the lengthened body and the two front legs are usually held aloft in a semi-folded position as though not needed for walking. In truth, they are not, but in other ways they are very capable legs. The position in which they are constantly held is responsible for the name, praying mantis. *Mantis* is from the Greek word meaning seer or prophet.

These mantes were numerous at Red Bank, New Jersey, and I have records of their being in Washington, D. C., in 1928. In 1932 I found their egg cases in great abundance in the two sections in which I am accustomed to hike in good weather. So from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to the District of Columbia they had spread out in thirty years, progressing at the rate of five or six miles annually.

If it were an obnoxious pest like the Japanese beetle, the brown-tailed moth, or the cotton-boll weevil, such traveling would have been heralded far and wide; but, since the oriental mantis is one of our greatest allies in suppressing garden destroyers, its presence goes unnoticed except to arouse the killing instinct of the human being who happens to sight "the ferocious-looking bug."

Some years ago an ornithologist made the statement that if some great catastrophe happened to all of our birds, mankind would be starved off the face of the earth in a very short period of time by the hosts of insects thus left



*The praying mantis*

unmolested to multiply and destroy vegetation.

Now, the writer of that may have known his birds, but he certainly did not know the insects. Birds are but one among hordes of things that keep Nature balanced. As for the insect world, there is not an insect living but has numerous insect enemies to keep its numbers in check, and among these, the mantis are the finest. Absolutely harmless to man, yet they are death to all crawling things, from the soft, juicy aphid, which they take when young, to the largest or hairiest caterpillar, welcomed by the adults. Properly introduced into New England, they might even cope with the gypsy and brown-tailed moths.

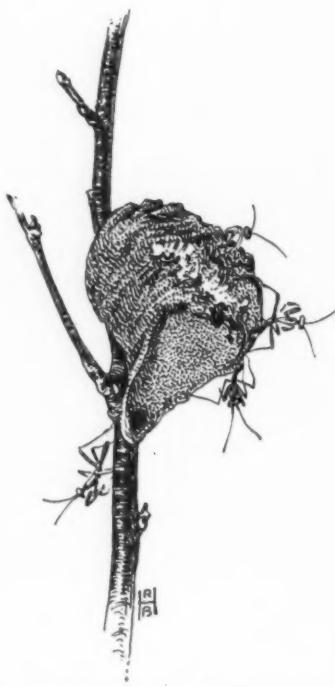
The eggs, in masses numbering from one hundred seventy-five to two hundred, are laid in cases of froth which quickly harden to the consistency of paper. These cases are almost white at first, but ultimately turn to a warm light brown and resemble toasted marshmallows hung on stiff weeds and bushes. The eggs are laid in late summer and the young, creamy-yellow, half-inch babies swarm out in the first balmy days of the following spring to feast upon any small insect life, but especially upon the early aphid brought

up from the ground about this time by their protectors over winter—the ants.

Should you chance, a little later on, to see upon the vines of your porch or anywhere else a fierce-looking, long-legged insect four inches, or less, in total length, just remember that it is one of your very best friends and treat it accordingly. You might, unless you are the squeamish sort, find a caterpillar and watch your mantis eat it.

It is wonderfully absorbing to watch mantis in action. They are not at all nervous about being watched; in fact, after being captured and handled, they are ready to accept caterpillars from your fingers. Quick as lightning, the victim is seized between the uplifted forelegs and held captive by sharp pointed spikes until the meal is finished. All the while its bright eyes, in the triangular head, moving as on a ball and socket joint, will be watching your every motion. Then, very sedately, it will walk off after another meal.

What a pity it is that we do not give as wide and constant publicity to our insect friends as we do to our insect enemies, so that even children might know that all insects do not merit death on sight.



Baby mantis in their egg case



[210]

## The Captain

MARY STEPHENS HARTLEY

Decoration by Catharine Lewis

*The Captain, born in Providence, became a man of prominence,  
Because he took a notion to the ocean when but three.  
He sailed the seven seas, did he,  
From Hammerfest to Hawkesbury;  
And though on land he's steady, he's still ready for the sea.*

*He spends winters in Cohasset, and summers in Wiscasset  
Or places with the glamor and the clamor of the sea;  
He speaks in seven languages,  
Likes caviar in sandwiches,  
And everyone's delighted when invited there for tea.*

## Friends Abroad

**A** LETTER from Brownsburg, Quebec, tells how some Canadian Juniors celebrated World Good Will Day:

We had been studying about Germany in our geography; so we decided to have a German meeting. Instead of answering the roll call with "I Serve" everyone said "Ich Dien." Three girls sang a German song. Another one recited a German poem, and we counted the numbers from one to ten in German. We read several German fables and an account of a German Christmas. We also had a German exhibit—stamps, coins, and paper money, Christmas and Easter cards, reproductions of ancient and modern pictures, a large portfolio and booklets about various German cities.

Austrian J. R. C. members celebrated Good Will Day in somewhat the same way, although in a much larger group. After they sang the Junior Red Cross hymn, a student who had been in America read a message in English. A talk followed, and after this a chorus sang songs of England, France, America, Sweden, and other countries, in their original languages. The program ended with Austrian national dances.

**S**OME Juniors of Quebec, Canada, constructed a "Health House." The materials of which it is made are foods good for health. The architects displayed great ingenuity in making the macaroni gutters leading to an egg-shell rain barrel, the paths of split peas, the roof covered with biscuits and the chimney composed of a milk bottle.

**T**HE members of a group in Wellington, New Zealand, make regular visits to the municipal day nursery where they amuse the children, who know them well and welcome them with shouts of joy. At tea-time, the Juniors take the children on their laps and feed them, telling them stories.

The members of a group at Cardiff who are



*A New Zealand Junior visits the nursery at tea time*

also interested in small children have collected funds to provide a cradle which they presented to the maternity hospital.

**A** YOUNG member of the French Junior Red Cross who, since the age of thirteen, has been an untiring organizer of children's fêtes, arranged last summer on the Channel beaches some amusing parties for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross. At one of these entertainments for children from seven to ten there were a four-footed race, a wheelbarrow race, an obstacle race, and a ball race; for children from ten to fifteen there were an obstacle race, an egg and spoon race, a roller-skating race, and a sack race in couples. Not only did the entertainment bring in money for the work of the J. R. C., but many of the guests immediately asked to become members of the Junior Red Cross.

**J**UNIORS of Motalo, Sweden, themselves put down linoleum in the kitchen of the old people's home. Each spring the Juniors of Kättinge send a large box of primroses to the hospital at Söderköping. The girls of a lycée at Gothenberg made and sold orange marmalade to collect funds and send some of their comrades to the country. Juniors of Nattraby sold candles to raise money to buy clothes for needy children, and a small group at Oland is working to build a public bath house for the neighborhood. They have begun with the purchase of a box of nails!

**T**HE "Sunbeams" group of the province of Victoria, Australia, held a comic dog show, awarding prizes for dogs with the curliest hair, the most wistful eyes, the best behavior, and similar funny qualities. The fee for each entrant was three-pence and for each visitor a silver coin. They held a sale of candy at the same time and raised eleven pounds. These Juniors



Czechoslovakian members playing Indians at camp

raised forty-five pounds by giving a fête in aid of a mission and made fifty-six garments for a babies' home in East Melbourne.

A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN group divides Junior Red Cross activities up into sections. Besides sections for health matter, first aid, food, gardening, education, and music, they have a "technical" section which links all the others together.

This section turns out posters, paints stage scenery and inscriptions, duplicates invitation cards, tickets and programs for concerts and other entertainments, etc. It supervises the decoration of rooms, and sees to placing flowers on monuments and in cemeteries. It arranges exhibitions, does sewing, collects school requisites and necessities for poor schoolfellows. In a word, it does work in the sphere of drawing and handicrafts both for boys and girls.

Juniors of Nirovce, Slovakia, wrote essays on the history of the Red Cross. One essay ended with this description of the group's own activities:

We, too, are members of the Red Cross. We observe the twelve health rules of the Junior Red Cross. Before each meal, we wash our hands and each of us has his or her own towel, although we are not rich. At school, we see that our classrooms and clothes are clean. We are very fond of flowers and, to enable us to have them in our classroom, the boys have made wooden boxes because we have no money to buy flower pots. We have a garden near the school where we have planted lots of flowers and a wooden

cross. We take flowers and oranges to a sick comrade. We share with our schoolmates the food we bring to school for our mid-morning lunch. It makes us happy to serve others.

**I**N JANUARY last year the French Junior Red Cross magazine printed a moving appeal from a nurse in the Pyrenees for her young patients, boys and girls from five to twenty years, confined in the sanatorium with tuberculosis. Most of them have no families or friends, no books, and no toys. The nurse asked if, among the Juniors, there were not some who would serve as "godfathers" and "godmothers" to these children.

The response was immediate. From the four corners of France, Juniors sent affectionate letters and well-chosen gifts. Soon twenty-five children of Font-Romeu were receiving frequent pledges of affection and interest, which will help them to bear the long treatment and confinement. The French Junior Red Cross plans to make inquiries in other sanatoriums for children to whom such attention would be a great help.

**T**HROUGH the sums allotted from the National Children's Fund to help Junior Red Cross groups in other countries, American Juniors express their feeling of kinship with fellow workers of other lands in this world that is all so close together nowadays. From Czechoslovakia comes a report of what has been done in that country with three hundred dollars from the N. C. F. It is divided among six village or rural schools in remote parts of the country.

One of the schools was in faraway Carpathian Ruthenia, that "toe" of Czechoslovakia which was for two years governed by a lawyer named

Zatkovyc, who returned to his native land from his practice in Pittsburgh.

The Czechoslovakian Juniors spent most of their allotments for such things as towels, washstands, tooth-brushes and tooth-paste, oil for the schoolroom floors, and supplies for the medicine chest. The Ruthenian group bought also a book that would help them make their school garden a success, and they have enjoyed the results.



Fencing club at Hicki School, Nagoya, Japan

# The Cruise of the Red Cross Ship

Produced at the Chestnut Street Junior High School,  
Springfield, Massachusetts

*Orchestra: National airs and Junior Red Cross Song.*

*Curtain opens: Crew sings Ocean Song, "We Sail the Ocean Blue."*

**CAPTAIN** (*enters as dance is ending*): Well done, my lads! I find everything is ready for our voyage and 'twill be the most important we have ever made, for our guests are from the four corners of the earth. Here comes the hostess of the party.

**RED CROSS GIRL** (*enters, greets captain; crew retires to background*): I am so thrilled, Captain, that I am at last to have gathered together my comrades from all over the world. They are so fine that I want them to become better friends and better neighbors.

"For loyalty sheds a glory over life  
And man, knowing but little, yet knows this:  
The better part of life it is, to be  
A part of something greater than himself."

Ah, here comes Uncle Sam and two of his children!

(Enter Uncle Sam, Girl and Boy Scouts. Chorus sings (1) "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue" (2) A southern melody (Dixie))

**UNCLE SAM**: In my great United States there is always hope; always adventure beckoning out of the future; bright danger, to be greeted with a laugh; and high ideals, yet to be followed through!

(Chorus: First verse of Junior Red Cross Song)

**RED CROSS GIRL** (*Enter Italy*): And here is Italy! A nation very old and very young, one of color, art, and song. Please sing for us!

(Italian Street Song)

**RED CROSS GIRL** (*As they enter together*): My friends from the British Isles! England! Ireland! Scotland! (Bag-piper)

(Chorus: English song (John Peel); Irish song (Kerry Dance))

(Dance: Highland Fling, Bag-pipe player)

(French group, four or six farmers, peasants, courtiers, enter, singing French song, followed by dance)

**UNCLE SAM** (*Group approaching*): Out of the North the viking nations come. "Was hael"

Denmark, Sweden, Norway, "Was hael!" (Crew join)

(Clatter of feet heard—Dutch enter)

**RED CROSS GIRL**: Hello, friends from the Netherlands!

**CREW**: A dance! A dance! (Dutch dance with wooden shoes)

(Number of countries enter as orchestra plays march)

**RED CROSS GIRL** (*greeting each*): Belgium, Switzerland, Portugal, Germany, Poland, Greece, Austria, Spain! How happy I am to see you all again!

**UNCLE SAM**: Austria, your violin under your arm, I see. Will you not play one of your fine tunes for me? (Austria plays)

**BOY SCOUT**: The girl from Spain has her tambourine; I wish she would show her skill in the dance! (Girl dances)

**RED CROSS GIRL**: The nations gather. Each one has its vision, each brings precious gifts—the world needs all!

(Chorus: Second verse of Red Cross Song)

(Russians enter as Russian hymn is sung)

**RUSSIAN LEADER**: Out of the tundras, out of the steppes  
Out of the valleys swept by mighty  
rivers  
The peoples of all the Russias  
Are coming to birth as a nation.

(Russian dance accompanied by Russian accordionist)

**CAPTAIN**: And still they come! Hungary, Turkey, Syria, and Africa.

**UNCLE SAM**: Yes, and from the Far East, India, China, Japan! Oh, peoples of the Orient! The world has need of you! Be not too ready to forsake your ancient ways. Give Europe, give America your best! And nothing but their best accept from them!

**RED CROSS GIRL** (*looking around*): Now, I wonder if all have arrived!

(Coming, running, Mexico, South America, Hawaii) Hi, hi, do not go without us! (Laughing and greetings)

(Hawaiian song, "Farewell to Thee")

**RED CROSS GIRL**: Nations all! Look one upon another! Lift up your heads! Say to the world you will give your best! Together now, sing a song to the future you will make!

**ALL**: (Third verse of Junior Red Cross Song)  
Curtain, with Ocean Song by Chorus



*Members of Nathan Hale School, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., with a picture of King Peter of Yugoslavia sent in answer to their letter of sympathy*

MAY eighteenth is international World Good Will Day.

The grade school pupils of Dansville, New York, held a Red Cross assembly last year in honor of the day in the auditorium of the Central High School. The two sixth grades presented a play called "Sails Above the Tea," which they found in the January, 1934, NEWS, and the two fifth grades presented a play called "The Council Meets," (found in the NEWS for February, 1933).

AT A Junior Red Cross school assembly, the social-studies classes of State Street School, Hackensack, New Jersey, gave a symposium on "Are Schools Necessary?" They argued the case closely and ended with a series of six tableaus showing the development of education from the year 1600 down to the present. J. R. C. work of the school was then discussed, and the annual campaign for food-stuffs for the Hackensack Hospital was announced.

THE fourth grade pupils of Girls' Academy, Albany, New York, cut comic strips from the papers

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## Friends at Home

and pasted them on paper to make scrapbooks for children in hospitals.

AFTER they had read of World Good Will Day in the NEWS, members in Skokie School, Winnetka, Illinois, discussed the meaning of the day in their social-problems classes. A committee volunteered to make flags of other nations because they thought the members should be able to recognize those of the larger countries. At the assembly a Junior, a Boy Scout, a Girl Scout, and a Camp Fire Girl told about the international side of their organizations and two of the teachers talked about the international education conferences and about the League of Nations and the World Court. The social problems class of the seventh grade showed an exhibit of the products of various nations. At the end, all joined in singing folk songs.

THIS letter came in connection with the distribution of books in small rural schools, made possible by the National Children's Fund. The Junior Chairman of Jackson, Tennessee, wrote:

The county superintendent of schools and I went to Parkburg and presented the books that had been given by the J. R. C. to the little two-room school. I wish you could have seen the forty pupils. They were so happy over receiving the books.

The weather was zero and snow and ice were everywhere. However, it didn't keep the children away from school. In some cases they had to walk three miles to attend.

I feel sure that the books were rightly placed.



*Officers of a vacation safety club at Farnsworth School, St. Paul*

DURING the past year, Juniors in Duluth, Minnesota, have been studying braille in their leisure

time, following the course of ten lessons recommended by the national Red Cross. At the Jackson School a class of fifteen from the fifth and sixth grades met once a week to learn to read braille and use the braille writer. By the end of November the class was able to make Christmas greeting cards, and send them to the state school for the blind and to people at the Lighthouse for the blind.

Later a program was given in which the children gave talks on Louis Braille, and explanations of his work. The latest issue of their current events paper was copied in braille, and a friend from the Lighthouse read to them some of the things they had written.

**S**T. ANTHONY Indian School at Zuñi, New Mexico, sent a long roll, on which was a story in pictures, to Stelton School in Stelton, New Jersey. The roll was a long strip of white cotton cloth, about eighteen inches wide, which could be unrolled at one end and rolled up at the other as it was read. On it were pasted silhouettes cut from black paper, each one a picture with a caption printed below, telling the story of a little Indian boy who ran away from home and was found by his father.

**J**UNIORS sent the Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts, some very attractive favors for May Day which were distributed to the patients. The Winchester Unit sent twenty-five pots of wild violets, and the Westfield Juniors sent Memorial Day favors. Bunker Hill Day, June 17, a local holiday, was observed by the Winchester Juniors.

**T**HE one-room school at Monroeville, Indiana, has a very active Junior Red Cross. During the year the members have made crossword puzzles, Christmas wreaths, mittens and menu covers, among other things, in large numbers, and are studying first aid. They wrote:

We wanted a radio for the school. This is how we were able to get it. During our Christmas vacation a cold wave swept our part of the state. About a hundred CWA men were working on the road near our school. They had no shelter. Our school opened the school house to them. The key was given them and for three cold days these men ate and warmed themselves in our school in the name of the Red Cross. When we returned our school was perfectly clean, and as a thank-you gift the men gave us two five-pound boxes of chocolate candy. We were greatly pleased, and the following week we made up fifty-two eggs into noodles, and after cooking two fat chickens off the bones we served one hundred bowls of chicken noodle soup to these CWA workers. Again they showed their appreciation by giving us \$5.75. That was enough to start our radio. We then held a sale of vegetables and baked goods and made \$4.01. This, with donations, will give us all we need.

**A**T THE end of the school year in St. Paul, Minnesota, the Juniors decided to put on a campaign against traffic accidents during the summer. The police had given a list of things children are likely to do which put them in danger, such as roller-skating in the streets, or holding a truck while they are riding their bicycles. The Juniors formed clubs in their own neighborhoods to prevent children from taking these risks, and to keep them out of the streets. Each club was organized in its own way under its own name ("The Hawkeyes" was the first), and some got buttons to wear. They were very active all summer. Citizens of St. Paul cooperated.



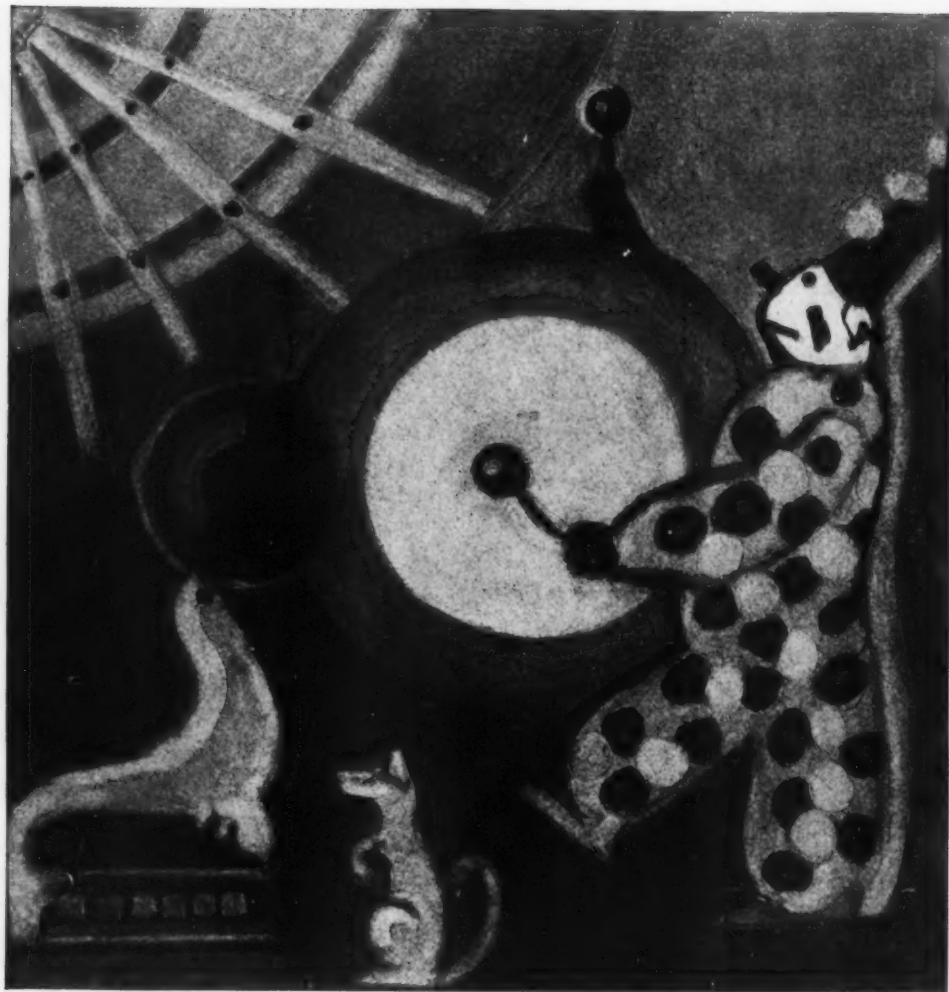
*Jackson School, Duluth, pupils studying braille*

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## Circus Composition

The Junior Red Cross of Sweden is having an exhibition this month, to which Juniors in various countries were asked to contribute. Members in Newark, New Jersey, sent a collection of twenty-five pictures, including colored drawings, crayon etchings, block prints, and posters. This "Circus Composition" is one of them.

# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The May News in the School

### The Classroom Index

#### Art:

"Whitsuntide King and Queen" (front cover), "Circus Composition" (back cover), "The Program Picture" (editorials), "The Captain"

#### Auditorium:

"Forget-me-not's Name"—If all members of the class want to take part, children not needed may be butterflies with gauze wings, flitting about in the background!

"War Poison" (World Good Will Day), "The Cruise of the Red Cross Ship."

"Friends at Home" and "Friends Abroad" supply interesting news items for an auditorium program on World Good Will Day. See May PROGRAM page.

#### Character Education or Citizenship:

"Jenner vs. Smallpox," "Trees for Jutland," "The Witch," "Idols of St. John," "The Cruise of the Red Cross Ship."

You will find material of value to yourself in the March issue of *Progressive Education*, the central topic of which is "Minority Groups and the American School." Several of the articles on international education are full of help.

#### Geography or World Citizenship:

Denmark—"Trees for Jutland"

England—"Jenner vs. Smallpox"

France—"The Witch"

Hungary—"Whitsuntide King and Queen"

Mexico—"Idols of St. John"

Sicily—"Program Picture" (editorials)

United States—"Friends at Home," "Circus Composition" \*

Other Countries—"The Cruise of the Red Cross Ship," "Friends Abroad"

#### Health:

"Jenner vs. Smallpox"

The American Child Health Association has chosen for the point of emphasis for Child Health Day, this year, immunization against diphtheria. A bulletin explaining the need and the efficacy of toxin-antitoxin treatment may be obtained free by writing the association at 50 West 50th Street, New York City. The slogan is "Immunize Now," the goal, "No deaths from diphtheria." This story of "Jenner vs. Smallpox" has especial interest in connection with such a campaign.

The Augusta, Georgia, Junior Red Cross members have worked with the Chapter during the diphtheria control program by making one hundred attractive posters to help visualize the need for immunization.

#### Nature:

"Trees for Jutland," "The Praying Mantis"

#### Primary Grades:

"Forget-me-not's Name," "The Witch," "The Captain," "The Praying Mantis," "Circus Composition" (back cover)

#### Reading:

1. How did José and Cholé earn the money they needed?
2. What is your pet superstition?
1. Describe the Whitsuntide customs of Hungary. 2. What is the difference between a folk custom and a popular superstition?
1. What was the great contribution of Edward Jenner to medical science? 2. For what other dangerous disease has the death rate been greatly lowered through immunization?
1. Which flower forgot its name? 2. Give this play for a school entertainment.
1. Why is the mob spirit like poison gas? 2. Tell an instance from your own observation when the mob spirit led children to cruel or foolish actions.
1. How did Sicilians first get the sea horse, the cock, and the griffin? 2. What other examples of national art do you know about?
1. How did the witch help Michel and Barbe find their goat? 2. How did they know she was just like other people and not a witch?
1. Why does the "Praying Mantis" have that name?
2. Make a list of beneficial bugs that you know.
1. Read "The Captain" aloud together. 2. Draw a picture of a tea at his house or make up a tune for this poem.
1. Why are the guests on the Red Cross ship from the four corners of the earth? 2. Produce the skit for a World Good Will Day program or at your last Junior Red Cross Council meeting.
1. Which of the activities reported this month is the most unusual? 2. Make a list of things in the activities notes that you can do during the summer vacation.

#### Socially Useful Work for Children

A group under the direction of Dr. Paul R. Hanna, Lincoln School, Teachers College, 425 West 123rd Street, New York City, is investigating types of socially useful work done by children and young people. The investigators hope to find a sufficient number of cases to warrant a small publication on this phase of education. It will be ready for distribution during the summer and those who desire to have a copy of the book may register with the committee now.

"Socially useful work" is defined as any activity that "results in improving community conditions such as making available to farmers better methods of seed selection, making health surveys, arranging for the presentation of educational demonstrations of various kinds, arousing public opinion concerning civic issues, and in general, taking steps towards improving living conditions in a given community."

Many teachers have used Junior Red Cross as an instrument for this type of education. Letters telling of your experience will be welcomed by the committee. Red Cross Headquarters offices will also, of course, welcome copies of such accounts.

The committee's outline is quoted in full not only for the use of those who wish to contribute but for the value it has as a check and guide in projects you may undertake.

The following questions are not meant to restrict you in writing your account in any way, but merely to indicate the nature of the information desired and to suggest a con-

(Continued on page 3)

# Developing Program Activities for May

## A Classroom Index of Activities

The activities suggested on the May PROGRAM page are especially appropriate for vacation months. The classroom index is given to guide discussion in preparation for vacation.

### Citizenship:

Induction of new Council officers, welfare work during vacation, help with gardens, rules for summer safety

### Composition—Oral and Written:

World Good Will assembly. See this issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

Reference catalogue of the PROGRAM pictures, of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS material and newspaper items, reviews of stories about other countries, material for school correspondence

### Domestic Arts:

Plans for a summer canteen, neighborhood luncheon clubs, garden party

### Geography:

Make-believe travels abroad

### Handwork:

A mammy doll, treasure boxes, doll trunks, summer gifts for men in government hospitals, Hospital Day favors for nurses

### Mathematics:

Auction of unclaimed articles in the Lost and Found Bureau, individual earnings for the Service Fund

### Reading:

Visits and entertainment for the blind and elderly people

### Fitness for Service

A final review of food values studied this year may serve as a vacation guide for pupils. Miss Melva Bakkie, Nutrition Consultant, gives the following summary:

"Because of convenience and the similarity in food value, foods are divided into five groups. If meals are to be well-balanced there must be at least one food from each of these groups each day:

"Milk and milk products; fruits and vegetables; bread, flour and cereals; meat, fish and eggs; fats and sugars.

"A handy guide for planning daily menus can be made by listing the less expensive foods under each food group. Then select at least one food from each group for a good breakfast for a school boy or girl, a nourishing hot noon lunch, and a dinner. An interesting class project is the actual preparation of one of these meals to be exhibited as a well-balanced meal. Attractive posters may point out how the meal helps meet food needs of the growing boy or girl.

"Write the Department of Public Health, State House, Boston, Massachusetts, for a copy of 'Food Customs from Abroad.' This leaflet will be helpful in studying food customs and habits of foreign groups.

"Vegetables and fruits from school gardens can be preserved during the summer months for use in school lunches next winter. National Headquarters will provide instructions on gardening and food preservation."

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Health Bulletin for Teachers, for February, deals with "Hygiene of the Diet." "Since growth is particularly the business of the child," it says, "no subject of instruction is more vitally related to his daily life than that of the food which supplies material for growth." The bulletin may be obtained free on request of the School Health Bureau, Welfare Division of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. There is also a "Health Bulletin for Boys and Girls" and a "Health Bulletin for Parents."

## Red Cross First Aid on Highways

The *Information Bulletin of The League of Red Cross Societies* reports that Highway First Aid Stations have been established in some thirty countries.

"In one year, the 2,001 posts in France intervened in connection with 1,869 accidents and helped 2,584 injured persons. The hardest-worked post picked up 69 victims of 23 accidents; another ran it close with 64 injured in 49 accidents, while a third recorded 36 injured in 25 accidents.

"The seven posts belonging to the Greek Red Cross rendered First Aid to 34 victims in 28 accidents.

"The Italian Red Cross reports that the services of 32 of its 80 posts were requisitioned during the year for the emergency treatment of victims of road accidents.

"Since their establishment in 1931, the twenty-one posts maintained by the Swedish Red Cross have succoured 175 victims of 136 accidents.

"The organization of First Aid on Highways in Italy dates from 1929. The principle adopted is the establishment of posts at ten-mile intervals in the open country or in places where neither hospital, doctor, nor chemist is to be found, and, of course, at particularly dangerous spots.

"The posts are equipped with a small metal cupboard divided into two compartments, one containing material which can be used by unskilled persons in case of emergency. The other, which is kept locked (the key remaining in the possession of the guardian of the post), contains medical and surgical supplies, which can be placed in the hands of trained First Aid workers only. These cupboards are supplied by the Italian Red Cross. The location of the posts is indicated by the approved international signboard."

## For Your Summer Enjoyment

CANTERBURY TALES OF CHAUCER, translated by Frank Ernest Hill. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. 1935. \$3.

Many schools use the translation of selected tales from Chaucer, called *Six Tales and Six Lyrics*. Teachers who find this volume excellent for young readers, and many others, will welcome now for their own enjoyment a complete translation of the Canterbury Tales, by the same author. For middle English untranslated is little easier than any language with which we are not on familiar reading terms.

In this modern version by a poet and scholar, we have Chaucer given back to us with artistic conscience and inspiration. We catch the full vigor of the rhythm, the hearty merriment, and the delicate cadences of emotion and tone. The purposely archaic accent keeps for us a pleasant feeling of being carried back, far away and long ago, into fourteenth century England.

Yet the sharpest pleasure comes from discovering with what startling frequency Chaucer is contemporary, or more exactly, timeless. These medieval folk, however different their dress, find their counterparts today: those of knightly spirit, squires, country gentlemen, commoners, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chef, jovial churchmen, a prioress famous for her dainty table manners, a medieval Mae West infamous for her family manners, gold diggers, a lady whose eyebrows were elegant because she plucked them, gangsters, bounders—all live in the stories and the characters who tell the stories.

Chaucer represents himself as one of the company and takes his turn at a yarn. "Elfis," he begins a tale of a knight, Sir Thopas, very beautiful, with a face as white as "wheaten flour" and "sweet alike of smell and sight as is the wild red rose;" but the host calls a halt on this sly spoofing of Chivalry. So, deeply hurt that he is not permitted to "recite the best rhyme that I know," he launches into a long prose story that reads delightfully like a modern confab on the waste and silliness of war. It is condensed on page 4 of the TEACHER'S GUIDE for your use.

The poetic tales are, of course, the finest, swinging us through glamorous adventure, subtle or gross comedy, or dark tragedy. Once started, most readers will keep on straight through to the end.

## Expressions of World Good Will

**C**CHARACTERISTICALLY graceful in their expression of friendship, Japanese Junior Red Cross members of the Tokayama-Nishi School, Gifu Prefecture, wrote to American members of the Santa Clara School, Miami, Florida. Their letter is full of vacation interests as well as of good will.

"Dear Friends:

"Words cannot express our appreciation of the lovely album which we have received from you through the Junior Red Cross. We are so delighted with your interesting album that we have prepared a little portfolio to send you in return. Though it is not so good, we hope you will accept it as a token of our friendship.

"We think you might be interested to hear something about our life during our summer holidays. It begins on July 21, and ends on August 20. In the first part of holidays the students of the highest class, the eighth grade, climb up Mt. Norikura, which is 3,050 meters above the sea level, and 35 k.m. in the east from Aakayama Machi, where we live. Pupils of the lower classes have an excursion of one night's camping.

"We have two festivals during the summer. The one is the Festival of the Weaver on July 7th. We don't know the origin of this festival, but according to our legend, this night is the only night that Alpha-Lira is allowed to meet with a star in Aquila, who comes across the Milky way once a year. On earth we have a great display of fireworks to congratulate the lovely couple in heaven.

"The other festival is the Feast of Lanterns, on August 15. On this day we visit our ancestors' graves to welcome their souls to our home. It is forbidden for us to kill or to injure any living thing. We have a very happy time in our best clothes, for we believe that all ancestors are at home with us.

"We have learned about your country at school. Perhaps you know something about our country.

"You will see the badge of our school hat in our portfolio. It is linked of two claw-shaped beads. Court-ladies used such beads of stone for a necklace in ancient times.

"We are very happy to have such good friends far across the sea. We hope this interschool correspondence will help to develop the eternal friendship between us. In our next portfolio we will send you pictures of our mountain climbing. "Hoping you will enjoy this portfolio as we did yours, we all send best regards and wish you good health."

Members in the Arnold School, Cleveland, Tennessee, wrote appreciatively to the Hamlet School, of Stratford, Ontario, telling their pleasure in discovering bonds of acquaintance:

"Dear Junior Red Cross Members of Hamlet School:

"It has been a great pleasure as well as an inspiration to look over and study your booklet. It shows so much care, thought, and ability that we feel we must work very hard to keep up with our next door neighbors.

"The picture of your school on the cover page makes us feel almost 'kin' as our own Arnold Memorial School is just about the same type.

"Each page of your booklet is interesting, but the pressed wild flowers are indeed lovely. We have a great many of the same specimens in our own mountains of East Tennessee.

"Believe us, when we say the pupils of Arnold Memorial School have enjoyed and profited from your message to us."

Members of the Phillips High School, Birmingham, Alabama, found common ground at the start, in writing Junior Red Cross members in Spain about the service program that is similar among all countries:

"Dear Juniors:

"We are really glad to know that you are interested in the same work that we are. Although there are many miles between us we feel closer to you through our work. Since we have enjoyed our club so much this year, we would like to tell you some of the things we have been doing.

"For Christmas we gave toys to the Crippled Children's

Clinic. Some of us brought old toys and made them look like new. Others brought new toys. The students of our school gave pennies and nickels during the month of April and \$62.50 was donated to the clinic. Fifty dollars is the expense of one child with infantile paralysis. We gave an Easter party for the children at the clinic. We took them Easter baskets filled with candy, little toys, chickens, rabbits, and other gifts.

"On Valentine's Day we visited the Old Ladies' Home. This is an institution for old women who have no homes. We took them presents, fruits, and valentines. A program of popular songs was sung by members of the school music club.

"Our last work of the year will be to make albums which we are going to send to our friends in other lands. Although we are many miles apart we want to know the Juniors of other lands."

Boys and girls of Smithfield, Texas, tactfully reminded correspondents in Trieste, Italy, of an impatiently awaited album:

"Dear Italian Friends:

"As you may recall, we sent you a portfolio last year. We received your very nice letter last year telling us that you had received our portfolio and that you would send us one. We would like very much if you would send us a portfolio for we would enjoy very much reading about you and your country. There are a great many things we would like to know about you, the games you play at school, the way you dress, your customs at Christmas, your studies at school, and just a number of things."

And from a school in Victoria, Australia, came this regretful farewell when the Pleasant High School, of Lincoln, Nebraska, discontinued the correspondence:

"Dear friends in America:

"We are so sorry that you are unable to keep up the correspondence with us, and hope that some day you may be able to link with us again. We certainly enjoyed it and always like to look through the lovely portfolios. Albert stands on the mantelpiece where all can see him. He will always remind us of our dear friends in Nebraska.

"It is winter now (July), and Jack Frost is about. The farmers are busy carting maize and some are planting pea seed. We had a flood last week but there was hardly any damage done. We have no snow here, but it can be seen lying on the mountains in the distance. We held our Arbor Day picnic on Friday and planted three hundred more pine trees in our plantation. Our parents come and give us lunch, then we plant the trees.

"Hoping this letter finds you all well, we remain,

"Yours truly,  
"Pupils of the Tambo School."

*(Continued from page 1)*

venient outline. Above all, we wish you to express your own views in your own way. A detailed chronological account of your project would be of great assistance to other leaders and teachers in initiating and guiding projects of a similar nature.

"A. These questions concern the relative parts played by the adult leader and the young people.

"1. How did the group become aware of a problem or a need in the community?

"2. Did the idea of undertaking to meet the need, or to investigate, to solve the problem originate with the young people, or did you suggest it?

"3. Were the young people immediately interested or did interest develop? Was occasional urging or stimulation on your part necessary?

"4. What were the initial steps and the successive steps in the development of your project? Who did the planning? How was the work divided? Was the group self-managed

*(Continued on page 4)*

## A Story for World Good Will Day

**T**HREE was once a nobleman named Melibeus, who had considerable wealth and property. His name, in fact, meant "he who lives on honey," indicating his prosperity and power. One day when he was away from home enjoying himself several enemies came to his castle, beat up his wife, and nearly murdered his daughter. Melibeus, very much upset, called a council and inquired what he could do to avenge the wrong. Those of the counsellors who were only second-rate friends said what they knew he wanted to hear, urging him to go to war and wipe out his enemies. Several, however, were of a better sort. The surgeons and physicians were more concerned with saving his daughter's life than with punishing the enemies.

"Sir," one of them said, "since it is the practice of us surgeons that we do for every man what we can, when we are retained by him, and do no injury to our patients, and it often happens that when two men have wounded each other, one surgeon heals both of them—therefore, it does not accord with our art to promote war."

Certain "old wise men" likewise remarked: "Lordings, there is many a man that cries War! War! that knows little what war means. . . . For indeed when war is once begun, there is many a child still unborn that shall die young because of that war or else live in sorrow and die in wretchedness. And, therefore, before any war is begun, men should deliberate and advise much."

Such counsel was drowned in cries of the young people for war, and Melibeus accepted the popular clamor. But later, when he and his wife, Prudence, were alone, she urged him to "go not too fast." After persuading him by many learned quotations from ancient literature that there would be nothing ignominious in listening to her advice, she talked at great length, citing many authorities, to show the foolishness of war. Once in a long time she would stop to ask politely, "What is your opinion?" Then when he gave it, she quickly showed him how mistaken that opinion was. "The fortifying of high towers and great edifices," she said, "sometimes is associated with pride; and also men make high towers and great edifices at great expense and with great labor."

"Indeed," said Melibeus, "I see well that ye speak strongly to overcome me in such a way that I shall not revenge myself upon my enemies, showing me the perils and the dangers that might ensue from this vengeance." But that is not a proper reason to persuade a brave man, he protests; and how is one to restrain wickedness if evil-doers have no fear of vengeance?

Dame Prudence agreed that evil must be punished, but justice should be decided upon by impartial judges and not by the angry person who has been wronged.

"Ah," exclaimed Melibeus, "this vengeance I like not at all!" And, supposing she were right, not all can be patient and forgiving as she recommends; you cannot change Human Nature. Finally, what about Honor? So they talk on, or rather she talks on, till he inquires somewhat feebly what, specifically, she wants him to do? She recommends arbitration. He consents. She herself confers with the enemies who, promised leniency, agree to acknowledge their wrong doing and ask pardon.

There is another conclave of counsellors, an audience is arranged for the enemies, and Melibeus gra-

ciously receives their repentant appeal and promises to spare their lives, and to consider what will be a just settlement. When he has had time to think it over, Prudence inquires his decision. "Truly," he replies, "I think and have purpose fully to disinherit them of all that they have and put them in exile forever!"

But even yet, Prudence does not give him up. "Surely," she urges, "this would be a cruel judgment and much without reason. For ye are rich enough and have no need of other men's property; and ye might easily get yourself a name for being covetous, which is a vicious thing. . . . For it is better to lose property with honor, than it is to win property by wickedness and shame. . . . And with reference to what ye say of exiling your adversaries, that again seems to me much against reason. And I set the case, that though ye might enforce that penalty by right and law, which I believe ye cannot do, ye would not perhaps put it into execution, and then the war would be likely to return as before. . . . And I pray you that ye will forbear to do vengeance, in such a way that your good name may be conserved and that men shall have cause to praise you for pity and mercy, and that ye shall have no cause to repent what ye have done."

So at length she wins him to her way, and, after making it quite clear to his enemies how mean they have been, he forgives them liberally, "to the end that God in his endless mercy will at our deaths forgive us our wrongs to Him in this wretched world."

This was the story chosen by the "father of English poetry" to present to his readers as his personal contribution on the pilgrimage to Canterbury. When he had finished it, the host wished plaintively that his wife could be more like this Prudence, instead of flying in his face, whenever some one had offended her, and urging him into a row!

Perhaps, if you attend the meeting of the World Federation of Education Associations in England, this summer, you will remember Chaucer's story of Melibeus, from the fourteenth century.

*Condensed, with quotations, from Hill's translation of Canterbury Tales, Longmans, Green & Company.*

*(Continued from page 3)*

and aided by the leader's counsel or did the leader do most of the work?

5. What mistakes were made that leaders should guard against?

6. What were your outstanding difficulties?

B. The results of your project.

1. What were the effects of your work on the community, on the relations between your organization (school, club) and the community?

2. What were the observable results of this experience on the young people's attitudes, the effect on their school studies?

C. Particular information for this committee.

1. Have you any written or graphic material describing your project which we might use in a publication or as reference?

2. Are you planning any future projects? Will you not briefly tell us something about these plans?

3. We would greatly appreciate your giving us the names and addresses of any individuals you know who are carrying on or have led groups in socially useful work.

4. Will you please note the number of children engaged in this project, their school grade and age range?

"Any additional comments or suggestions you may wish to make would be welcomed and carefully considered."

